But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not knowe, what all, but hee doe know.
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes:
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantitie,
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignitie.
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde:
And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is loue ſaid to bee a childe:
Becauſe, in choyce, he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boyes, in game, themſelues forſweare:
So, the boy, Loue, is periur'd euery where.
For, ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyen,
Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine:
And when this haile ſome heate, from *Hermia*, felt,
So he diſſolued, and ſhowrs of oathes did melt.
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then, to the wodde, will he, to morrow night,
Purſue her: and for this intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deare expenſe:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and back againe. Exit

Enter Quince, *the Carpenter*; *and* Snugge, *the Ioyner*; *a*
Bottom, *the Weauer*; *and* Flute, *the Bellowes mender*;
Snout, *the Tinker*; *and* Starueling *the Tayler*.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man b
man, according to the ſcrippe.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowle of euery mans name, which
thought fit, through al *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, b
fore the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at nigh

Bott. Firſt good *Peeter Quince*, ſay what the Play treats o
then read the names of the Actors: & ſo grow to a point.

Qui

Quin. Mary, our Play is the moſt
and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* an

Bot. A very good peece of worke,
ry. Now good *Peeter Quince*, call for
ſcrowle. Maſters, ſpreade your ſelues

Quin. Anſwere, as I call you. *Nick*

Bott. Readie: Name what part I a

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom* are ſet do

Bott. What is *Pyramus*? A louer, or

Quin. A louer that kils himſelfe, m

Bott. That will aſke ſome teares in
of it. If I doe it, let the Audience lo
mooue ſtormes: I will condole, in ſo
reſt yet, my chiefe humour is for a ty
cles rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in
raging rocks: and ſhiuering ſhocks,
of priſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre
and make & marre the fooliſh Fates.
name the reſt of the Players. This is
vaine: A louer is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute*, the Bellowes

Flu. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. *Flute*, you muſt take *Thiſby*

Fla. What is *Thiſby*? A wandring k

Quin. It is the Lady, that *Pyramus*

Fl. Nay faith: let not me play a wo

Quin. Thats all one: you ſhall play
may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bott. And I may hide my face, let
ſpeake in a monſtrous little voice; *T*
ramus, my louer deare, thy *Thyſby* d

Qu. No, no: you muſt play *Pyramus*

Bot. Well, proceede. *Qui.* *Robin*

Star. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Starueling*, you muſt p

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